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By D. D. HOCOTT.

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From the North.

AN INVASION OF VERMONT FROM THE CANADA SIDE—ROBBERY OF BANKS—PANIC OF THE CITIZENS.

The Yankees are having a sensation nearer home than the seat of war. On Wednesday last, a band of twenty-five men from Canada "invaded" the town of St. Albans, in Vermont, and robbed the National Bank of \$50,000, the St. Albans Bank of \$80,000, and the Franklin County Bank of a considerable sum. Some twenty horses were also seized by the desperadoes and carried off. Several citizens who resisted were deliberately shot; two were seriously wounded, and it is feared fatally—E. J. Morrison, a contractor, and C. H. Huntington, a jeweller. Several others are reported slightly wounded. The attack commenced about 3 a. m., and the opening is thus described by an eye witness:

Several men appeared to be rushing about with pistols, in parties of from five to ten. One of these gangs met a Mr. Morrison and presented a weapon to him, demanding his surrender. He answered, "You are joking, boys." They fired and he fell, weltering in his blood. Our informant saw him throw up his hands and then sink on the ground, and then he realized for the first time that the village was attacked by an organized body of men, bent on pillage and regardless of human life.

Meanwhile the attack had been simultaneous on the three banks—the First National, Franklin County, and St. Albans. Parties entered each. When the teller, or cashier, suspecting no evil, asked what they desired, the leader presented a pistol, with the exclamation, "You are my prisoner; if you move an inch we'll blow you through." Others of the gang then went to the vault and drawers and laid violent hands on all the specie, bills and other articles which they could find, and filled the side satchels, which they wore, as we before described. Of course resistance was useless, for the surprise was complete. At the Franklin County Bank the raiders pushed the cashier, Mr. Beardsley, and one of the clerks, into the vault and locked them up, and the prisoners were not released until late in the night.

Then commenced a reign of terror in the village. Plunder had been accomplished, and violence followed. The raid was brief; but the scene must have been terrible while it lasted. The thirty or more marauders rushed up and down the streets, firing their pistols in every direction. Whenever they saw a citizen or a group of men they would aim in that direction. They had magnificent arms—seven-shooters—and as fast as one weapon was unloaded they drew another, and kept up the fusillade. Mr. Baldwin says he can only liken the sounds to the noise of a Fourth of July morning in a large city. There was a continuous bang! bang! bang! Of course this reckless use of firearms could not continue long with nobody hurt. The sheriff of the county soon fell; Mr. Huntington was shot while resisting the robbery of his store; a woman, whose name we could not learn, fell, and—more dastardly than all—as the guerillas were leaving the town, they saw a little girl in the street and wantonly killed her. And the bullets were flying around among the buildings in the main street—nearly all of which bear marks of lead. Windows were broken, blinds chipped and people wounded. It was a scene that beggars all description.

Of course the entire populace rushed into the streets. They had no idea of the cause of the disturbance, for they were engaged in their usual daily avocations, and the raid was "like thunder from a clear sky." The guerillas, as they rushed through the town, stopped all the citizens they met and gathered them in squads

under guard of a few men, armed with pistols, retaining them as prisoners, on the common. Meanwhile the remainder of the banditti started to secure horses. They took two from Field's livery stable, five from Fuller's, several from the American and Tremont stables, and a twelve hundred dollar span from Mr. Clark, of Rutland—securing about thirty in all. Their adroitness in cutting off harness was marvellous, and the contents of the saddle-makers' shops soon enabled the villains to become cavalry instead of footpads.

Meanwhile their threats were terrible. "We will burn your damned town," they said. "We will treat you as the people of Atlanta were treated." They also said, "We are coming back again, and will burn every town in Vermont." Their imprecations were of a blasphemous character. They claimed to be Confederates. Our informant does not think any of the men were Canadians. They all looked like Americans, and Southerners at that. These demons continued their infernal pistol firing, killing a man named Morse after they began to "take prisoners."

All this was the work of twenty minutes. Conductor Baldwin says he can scarcely realize that it all happened, and that so much was done in so short a time. The guerillas, having all secured horses and saddles, commenced their retreat. They abandoned their prisoners and rode off northward, firing their pistols as they proceeded.

After the invaders had gone the citizens turned out and pursued them, capturing the leader, with \$100,000. The Governor General of Canada is also endeavoring to arrest those who escaped into that province. As the "raiders" passed through Freeburg, an attempt was made to stop them, and the bailiff of the town was killed. All New England is crazy over this "barbarous invasion," and is trying to prove that the men were Confederates.

BROWNLOW IS IN THE FIELD, A CAPTAIN.—An exchange says:

Brownlow, the great Apostle of temperance, thus alludes to the capture of a barrel of whiskey, which was given as a treat to the new regiment (miscegenators) of Baxter, Brownlow, Fleming & Co:

"We are not a judge of liquor, but others say it was a good article. The treat met with our approval. And if the regiment had got drunk, and hung all the rebels in Knoxville who are engaged in giving the enemy information, and inviting these raids into the country, that would have met with our sanction also."

PROCLAMATION.

APPOINTING A DAY FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

It is meet that the people of the Confederate States should, from time to time, assemble to acknowledge their dependence on Almighty God, to render devout thanks for his manifold blessings, to worship His Holy name, to bend in prayer at his footstool, and to accept with reverent submission, the chastening of his All-merciful Providence.

Let us then, in temples and in field unite our voices in recognizing, with adoring gratitude, the manifestations of His protecting care in the many signal victories with which our arms have crowned; in the fruitfulness with which our land has been blessed, and in the unimpeded energy and fortitude with which He has inspired our hearts and strengthened our arms in resistance to the iniquitous designs of our enemies.

And let us not forget that, while graciously vouchsafing to us His protection, our sins have merited and received grievous chastisements; that many of our best and bravest have fallen in battle; that many others are still held in foreign prisons; that large districts of our country have been devastated with savage ferocity, the peaceful homes destroyed, and helpless women and children driven away in destitution; and that with fiendish malignity the passions of a servile race have been excited by our foes into the commission of atrocities from which death is a welcome escape.

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, issue this my proclamation, setting apart WEDNESDAY, the sixteenth day of November next, as a day to be specially devoted to the worship of Almighty God, and I do invite and invoke all the people of these Confederate States to assemble on the day aforesaid, in their respective places of public worship, there to unite in

prayer to our Heavenly Father, that He bestow His favor upon us; that He extend over us the protection of His almighty arm; that He sanctify His chastisement to our improvement, so that we may turn away from evil paths and walk righteously in His sight; and that He may restore peace to our beloved country, healing its bleeding wounds, and securing to us the continued enjoyment of our own right of self government and independence; and that He will graciously hearken to us, while we ascribe to him the power and glory of our deliverance.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate States, at Richmond, this 25th day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President:

J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

TUESDAY MORNING NOV. 2.

A thousand people have starved to death in the Cape de Verdes, and the famine still continues.

Gen. PRICE is in the most productive portion of Missouri, and the region most loyal to the South.

Two hundred thousand Poles have lately been sent to Siberia.

MILTON, FLORIDA, DESTROYED BY THE YANKEES.—The Montgomery Advertiser learns, by a private letter from below Pollard, that a Yankee force, came up to Milton, Florida, on Wednesday last, and drove off the cavalry company that was stationed there. They burned the town, and destroyed the salt works and property generally. Capt. ROBINSON was captured. The Yankees came from Pensacola, and greatly outnumbered the small Confederate force protecting Milton.

[From the Barnwell Sentinel.]

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.—Several distinguished citizens have been nominated as well qualified and proper men to fill the office of Governor of our State. It is well, in a time like this, that we have among us so many who may take the helm with the confidence of the people. Not at any time during its existence, has there been a period when the service of our best men are so much required. Nothing must be overlooked or neglected, if we wish to go safely through the perils which threaten us.

Our next Legislature will have much to do, and even now its members may prepare their minds for their important work, by seriously considering the duty before them. They will have the election of a Governor, to take the place of our present esteemed and worthy Chief Magistrate, whose term of office expires during the session.

We would respectfully and deferentially suggest the name of one who in every capacity and in the different positions which he has filled, has given testimony to his undoubted ability and fitness to fill that office, also to the credit and honor of the State. As a citizen and gentleman, he is a fair representative of the highest standard of the Carolina school. As a representative in the councils of the State, or of the old Government, he was all that any constituency could have wished. As a member of the Government which the Convention in its wisdom temporarily gave to us, he was zealous, efficient and firm in the discharge of duty, and with an even-handed justice, and a tenacity of purpose, illustrated the strength of his administrative ability. His military experience is also needed at this critical juncture, for in the next two years our fate must be decided for well or woe. Every public man, from his personal knowledge, and every private citizen who has kept himself informed as to passing events, and the course and services of our statesmen, will at once agree with us that Gen. JAMES CHESNUT is the man to be the next Governor of South Carolina.

It is with pleasure we endorse the nomination made by our neighbor of the *Sentinel*, urging the claims of our distinguished citizen to the position of Chief Executive of the State. There have already been many good and true men announced, but South Carolina boasts of no purer patriot and statesman than Gen. JAMES CHESNUT. At this crisis of our affairs do we so edily require an Executive at the helm of State, whose experience in governmental affairs—both civil and military—is of no ordinary degree, and whose past public record in our Legislative and Congressional Assemblies, for many years, can be produced without spot or stain. We can but hope that Gen. CHESNUT will consent to enter the arena with the galaxy already presented through the press of the State. If so, we have no fear as to the result.

The Augusta Register says if Hood is operating against Sherman's rear, it is only what every honest boot in the land should have been doing long ago.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

REPORTS OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1863, by J. S. THRASHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

FROM PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG, November 1.—All quiet. Negroes are coming into our lines daily to act as drivers for our teams.

FROM THE WEST.

MOBILE, November 1.—Advices via Senatobia, the 31st. The St. Louis papers place Price twenty miles from Kansas City. The St. Louis Republican says no reliance can be placed in anything coming from Blount and Lane. The Special Democrat at Warrensburg says Price is making his way through Kansas, Smith following him. This latest news places him beyond the State lines.

FROM BERMUDA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., November 1.—The Wilmington Journal has received the Bermuda advocate of the 29th ult., containing the trial and release of acting Master J. C. Brown, C. S. Navy and associates; for the burning of the Steamer Oranoke. They were released on the 12th inst., and set at liberty, the charges having been withdrawn by the Attorney General.

FROM EUROPE.

European advices to the 20th have been received. Political news unimportant. Commercial failures in England continue. Twenty Liverpool firms have failed. The Duke of New Castle is dead. A commercial panic occurred at Rio de Janeiro. Four of the banks suspended payment. Consols closed at 88 1/2 for money.

NORTHERN NEWS.

Richmond, November 1.—The Washington Chronicle of the 30th has been received. St. Louis telegrams of the 29th—Latest accounts—place Price near Carthage, still speedadling, with our forces in pursuit. Pleasanton was slightly injured by a fall from a horse.

Official despatches from St. Joseph say Bill Anderson and 7 of his men were killed on the 27th. Gov. Bradford has issued a Proclamation announcing the adoption of the new free constitution of Maryland. The court of appeals affirmed the decision—Judge Martins' refusing to grant a mandamus to retain soldiers' votes.

Telegrams from Knoxville says Vaughan's command were routed at Morristown on the 28th, by Gen. Gilliam, with a loss of one hundred and sixty-seven prisoners, and six guns of McClung's battery were captured. The Rebel killed and wounded were left on the field.

Louisville telegrams of the 28th says an attack on Paducah, by Forrest, was expected daily. All business has been suspended, and goods removed to places of safety.

The proceedings in the case of the Vermont raiders is transferred to Montreal. The prisoners have been removed to that place. Great excitement has been produced in the United States by election frauds on the part of the State of New York agency. Seymour has sent commissioners to Washington to investigate the charges. Gold, in New York, 219.

Ringgold is between Tunnel Hill and Chattanooga, eight miles north of the former and twenty-three miles south of Chattanooga.

For Sale.

PINE WOOD FOR SALE. APPLY TO R. B. JOHNSON. Oct. 24